

Sweetness

Pennywise x Fem!Reader -
III

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Series: Pennywise x Fem!Reader [3]

Category: IT (2017), IT - Stephen King

Genre: Biting, Emotional Hurt/Comfort, F/M, Masturbation, NSFW, Non-Consensual Voyeurism, Physical Abuse, Scary Clowns, Shameless Smut, Unsafe Sex, Vaginal Fingering, fear of loneliness

Language: English

Characters: Beverly Marsh, Pennywise (IT), Reader, Unnamed Protagonist

Relationships: Pennywise (IT)/Original Character(s), Pennywise (IT)/Reader, Pennywise x You

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Summary:

The semi-final 'installment' to my three-part story, Pennywise x Reader; a sequel to "Dessert For Two" and "Eat Me." Its Halloween night 1989, as you reach the end of your bargain with Pennywise the Dancing Clown, what will happen to you? Will Pennywise keep his end of the deal, your flesh instead of the children of Derry?

(UPDATE 2019: Ya'll will see a new story soon!)

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October is here and tonight is Halloween. Your students are excited about their adventures, planning out routes, designing last minutes costumes and tricks to execute. The last period of the day you made free to students knowing they'd be on a constant sugar rush there'd be no way of gaining control. You took this time to grade and catch up on lesson planning. July seemed like another year ago. So much has changed in your appearance: more gaunt, tired face, bruises patterned your body, and more stitches lined your collarbones, thighs, and even hands. You are growing more and more exhausted from each encounter. Pennywise took and took greedily from you, and you obliged. Parents sighed in relief at meetings as they've gone four months without a new missing child. You sacrificed for them in silence. The Derry police even decided to lift the curfew for Halloween. A treat well deserved.

The bell rings and the students soar from their desks and dash for the exit. Cheers and jeers fill the hallways as students spray silly string, throwing toilet paper and candies at each other. You tidy up your classroom picking up wrappers and trash left behind. As you bend over to pick each one up you note the strength it takes. Aches in your joints and muscles from the demands of Pennywise.

Someone calls your name and breaks your thoughts, "Ms. N/A?" You look up and see Beverly Marsh in the doorway. She was your student last year, now in the 8th grade and almost in high school. Her hair has grown back a bit, covering more of her ears and nearly reaching her shoulders.

"Hi Beverly, do you need something?" you try to sound cheerful.

"Ms. N/A, I wanted to see if you needed help. I was on my way out and saw you kinda struggle with cleaning up."

Beverly has come out of her shell this year and you were happy to see her finally make friends. Girls started sharing their lunches with her and there was talk of her having a crush on Bill.

"No, thank you Beverly. I'm just getting older and its hard to reach things. I'm turning forty this year you know? Run off and enjoy tonight."

"Ok Ms. N/A, Happy Halloween!" Beverly waves and heads out the exit.

'You know you spared her life.'

That thought gives you comfort and grief. When you reach the parking lot you see the vandalism that took place on everyone's cars: 'Sk00l sux' written in spray paint along with other obscenities. Oddly, your car is spared the destruction. Your colleagues side-eye you as you enter your car and drive off.

Your plans for the night were to enjoy a movie, hand out candy, and possibly finish that book on Salem witches to prepare for teaching *The Crucible*. You've learned to keep your schedule flexible in case Pennywise decides to pop in for a visit. Over time, his visits became more predictable. Whenever you were most inconvenienced you knew he'd show up. You braced yourself whenever you unloaded the laundry as sometimes Pennywise would pop out and scare you half to death, laughing manically as you fall over the basket of clothes, clutching your chest.

Pennywise would tease and mock your shriek of fear, taunting you to fight back. Once you slapped him in anger when he morphed from under your covers while lounging on the couch one evening. He bit both your hands, hard enough to draw blood and forcing you to make a trip to the ER...again.

'Don't slap me again,' he warned, 'Or you'll lose them both.'

But tonight, was uncertain. Halloween made it easy pickings of his choice of meal. Would he control himself? Could you control him?

You make it home and begin your chores. Laundry, dishes, dusting all flew by quickly. You light the Jack-o-lanterns outside and open a mixed bag of candies, pocketing a few for later. You take your papers that need grading in your office. The office space is a clutter of books, papers from your college years, manuscripts for those novels

you planned on writing one day, and newspaper clippings detailing the string of disappearances. Every twenty-seven years Pennywise awakens and feasts on flesh. Now things were different.

‘When will he slumber again? It’s been almost a year. Is he taking his time to devour me?’

You try and concentrate on grading but soon the early birds start ringing the doorbell. You open the door expecting to see younger children, maybe pre-k or kindergarten age but no, its middle schoolers. Nervous parents coming in packs, surrounding their children to ensure that you won’t snatch them as you pass out the bowl of candy. This trend continues for the rest of the early evening. No pranks. No kids running off on their own. Police cars on duty at corners of every intersection to ensure further safety. The curfew was lifted but not the fear.

As nine o’clock chimed you began to wonder if Pennywise was even coming tonight. A nervous thought ran through your head: ‘Is he preying on some poor trick-or-treaters?’ No, you’ve made a deal and he’s stuck by it for months now. He’s been faithful. He wouldn’t break it tonight. You go into the kitchen and open a bottle of wine, a cheap one you bought at the pharmacy as an impulse buy from all the bandages you’ve restocked.

As ten o’clock passes the number of trick-or-treaters has dwindled. You pour more wine and settle into your grading for the rest of the night. Forgetting to eat doesn’t help with your drinking and soon you’re feeling tipsy. You take this as a sign to head off to bed early. A quiet night to yourself for once it seems.

Once in bed you grab a book from the nightstand and begin to read; it’s a silly romance novel a work colleague recommended, mostly predictable as the romantic interest is a lord in pursuit of his maid, their scandalous relationship shocks the shire. You keep reading, taking light sips of the cheap wine, and you picture yourself in the story. A damsel at a crossroads, a man in pursuit. Was it so far from your own situation? Pennywise was in pursuit of you but by your own choice, to save the people of Derry.

You shake these thoughts from your mind and continue reading, finally getting to the smut you were promised. The lord whats-his-

name has finally kidnapped the maid and takes her to his hunting estate and they're making love for the first time. He's rough but listens to her body and you're oddly getting turned on. Your mind drifts, imagining Pennywise as this silly lord who's whisked you away from the world. You close your eyes as you begin to feel yourself becoming wet. Pennywise rips your bodice, revealing your buxom bosom held tight by the corset underneath. An arm is holding you tightly as his long tongue tastes your breasts. Your breath is getting shorter as your heart races. Your fingers tease the entrance of your cunt, becoming wetter as you imagine Pennywise doing the deed. You crave his touch, however cruel it is, it's the only one that's ever satisfied you. Two fingers dance on your clit as you remember the first time he touched you. The taste of his lips was sweet as candies, so soft and moist. You want him to come tonight not matter the cost to your physical health. You can feel yourself getting close to coming, envisioning him on top of you, fang mouthed and growling, pounding you into submission. You want to feel him inside you again, Pennywise's breath on your ear as he calls your name. You writhe and squirm, finally coming at your own touch and imagination. Before you can enjoy the afterglow of your tipsy masturbation you hear jingling.

"What a show!" someone claps, forcing you to open your eyes in fear and shame. Pennywise is at the end of your bed, kneeling and clearly enjoying himself.

"Pennywise, how long were you watching me?" your breath is ragged and shaken as you sit up.

A devilish grin appears, the one you know means trouble, "Oh I saw the whole thing. You reading your trash book, drinking the cheap wine. The finale you gave yourself." Pennywise begins to salivate, drooling on himself. "Who was it, N/A? Hmm? I wonder."

"What do you wonder?" you ask sounding very annoyed. If he was watching, why didn't he say anything?

"The one you were thinking of, of course! Tell me N/A, I won't snitch. Was it me?" he says mockingly.

You can feel your face becoming flushed in embarrassment. Do you

dare tell him the truth? What choice do you have.

You cave, "Fine. It was you."

Pennywise lets out a manically laugh, the bells of clown suit jingle with joy at your answer. "Oh goodie! I wanted something sweet tonight." He crawls on all four onto the bed, hovering over you.

"Tell me what you want me to do," he says ominously, his voice in a low-pitch. Your head is pounding with thoughts. He's asking what you want. Do you indulge him? Your face is stone, you've lasted this long for a reason. You know how to keep him in check.

You clear with your throat, "Fuck me, Pennywise. I want you to fuck me so hard I can't walk straight for days."

His eyes are a glow as he grins his fanged teeth at hearing your words, "Ohohoho! I like this request."

Your legs wrap around him as your hands lead his face to yours for a kiss, a soft one at first. You take a nibble of his lower lip as you withdraw to look at him. Your noses touch as he leans in again for another kiss, deeper this time, opening your mouth with his tongue forcefully. Pennywise always tastes of circus foods, salty and sweet all in one. He breaks the kiss, "You taste so delicious, N/A. Cheap wine and Halloween chocolates, hehehe, very yummy."

You can't help but smile as you continue to make out. His hands rip your work blouse, spilling the button onto the floor as you hear them roll on the wood. His sweet candor is lost now as he moves his mouth over your bruised neck and stitched collarbones. Pennywise loves to admire his works on you and tonight is no different. He takes nibbles and licks over them causing you to whimper. You wore no bra today only a white undershirt, which Pennywise rolls up to lick and bite your nipples. You begin to feel yourself squirm and grind against him as he thumbs your beaded breasts. You realize how much you want this and how much you've begun to rely on his visits. What will you do once he's gone? That realization causes a bolt to strike at your heart, making it skip a beat. Pennywise feels your mood change and stops abruptly.

“N/A, what’s wrong? I smell your fear of something.”

You can feel your chest tightening, trying your best to hold back tears, “I don’t want you to leave me Pennywise. I’m afraid of what will happen after you leave me, to sleep for another thirty or so years. I won’t look like this you know. And I’m afraid of being alone.”

Pennywise’s face becomes unreadable, stone-like and without his normal giddy expression.

“I can’t change that, N/A. I have to rest soon.”

“When?” you demand, “When? Its almost been a year since everything began. I need to know for how much longer I can have you before its gone. Before you’re gone.”

“December was my planned hibernation, maybe January. But you always knew I’d have to leave.” Pennywise’s face stays stoic, unmoved by what he’s told you. You choke up tears as they begin to fall onto your cheeks. You didn’t expect to feel this way. You’ve fallen for a flesh-eating monster. *What. The. Fuck.*

His thumb wipes away the tears staining your face. “We can still enjoy our remaining time together,” he says softly. Such sweetness from him tonight, it hurt to imagine not having it forever.

You say nothing, only nod, wiping your face with the back of your hand. Thankfully your mascara wasn’t drugstore and didn’t run down your face. Pennywise kisses your forehead lightly, then your nose, and finally your lips.

He whispers in your ear, “You’re mine, N/A. Forever.”

“Forever,” you repeat.

END?

December 24th 1989.

Your morning is filled with nausea. Thankfully the local pharmacy is open that morning and you make a quick run in to buy something to end it. You explain your symptoms to the pharmacist. He glares at you from behind his thick-rimmed, Clark Kent-wannabe glasses.

“Ms. N/A, not to speak out of bounds but when was your last menstrual period?”

You take your planner out of your bag and quickly thumb the pages. October 1st was your last period. Your heart drops. *Fuck.*

Author's Note:

I won't be writing a sequel to this 'series' anytime soon. Grad school is tough. See you kids Sept. 2019 for IT: Chapter Two!

Follow me on social media to encourage me to write more!